

the very mention of your name by punk_rock_yuppie

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Summary:

A day in the life of Richie and Will.

the very mention of your name

Author's Note:

- For [queenjameskirk](#), [cathect](#), [runboyrun](#).

OKAY SO. this is entirely hannah's, mac's, and hal's fault. but mostly hannah's. but also hal's, bc their daddy kink ryers they wrote was also rly good. i'm also a debauched heathen, hence why i wrote this.

ahem. anyway. there's no plot here, just lots of fluff and feelings and smut. see my tags at the end for an explanation on will being trans (put there since last time i wrote a trans character, ppl got confused).

enjoy!

Richie can tell from the moment Will's eyes flutter open what kind of day it's going to be. Will shifts minutely, squirms under the covers, and a smile graces his lips before he's even really awake. He stretches, arms flung above his head, and a tiny little noise escapes his lips. Finally, after he settles again, his eyes open slowly and still heavy with sleep. Immediately his gaze lands on Richie. And Richie can see, by the spark gleaming in his boyfriend's eyes, exactly what he needs.

"You have a good sleep, baby?" Richie coos as he leans down and brushes a kiss against Will's forehead. Will makes another contented noise, same as when he stretched, and preens under Richie's attention. Under the kiss, Will nods and his hair tickles Richie's face. "Mm." Richie hums happily. He slides down the bed to wrap his arms around Will's bare chest and tug him close. Will folds easily into the embrace and hides his face against Richie's neck.

"What about you?" Will asks softly, slowly.

Richie hides his grin in Will's hair. "I slept good. Thank you for asking, baby." Richie lets his hands trail over Will's body; he maps out terrain he knows by heart just to hear Will's breathing catch in

his throat, the little half-keens that slip out without Will's permission. He teases along the edge of Will's binder before moving lower. When Richie's fingertips skirt the top of Will's ass, he wrings a gasp and another bout of squirming from the other. Richie leans back but his hands don't leave their spots on the small of Will's back. Instead, he inches his touch down just a little more.

"What, baby?" He asks.

Will's cheeks are smattered in pink and he bites at his lip. Richie relents and brings a hand from Will's back to tug his lip from his mouth, with a small "uh-uh." The gentle chiding makes Will flush worse, and Richie watches him physically struggle not to bite his lip again.

"Daddy." Will murmurs. He pushes his ass into Richie's hand and pushes his chest forward in the same motion. "Do we have time?"

Richie smiles, and for a split second the tension filling up the room breaks apart. Will is just Will, and Richie is just Richie. Richie takes the moment to kiss Will sweetly before the moment breaks, and Richie is pushing him onto his back.

"I always have time for you, baby." Richie assures as his kisses carry from Will's mouth down his neck. Will's legs part for him without hesitation and he slots himself between them with a smirk. "What do you want?" He asks, voice light. He kisses Will's pulse and teases the skin with a quick nip before moving up again. "Want me inside you?"

Will moans quietly. He throws one arm around Richie's shoulders and the other clenches in the already wrinkled bedsheets.

"Or do you want my mouth on you?" Richie asks right against Will's ear. "You know I love how you taste, baby."

Will squirms again and Richie grins.

"What a treat for me." Richie sits back and admires the pretty picture Will makes. Flushed and naked on Richie's bed, legs spread and so fucking inviting. As Richie scoots down the bed and down Will's body, he pushes the comforter to the floor. It's an awkward angle and

he ends up with one foot planted on the carpet, but it's worth it when his hot breath ghosts over Will's cock. Will's back arches and a moan tears itself from his already loose lips, and it's music to Richie's ears.

"Daddy." Will whines. "Please."

"Hm?" Richie feigns ignorance. He doesn't put his mouth on Will's cock right away, no matter how pretty it is. He lets his words fan out, thin air over Will's sensitive skin, barely a tease. "What was that, baby?"

Will groans quietly in frustration. Richie listens to the dull thud of Will throwing his head back against the pillows.

"Daddy, *please*." Will begs. He pushes his hips up with his words. "No teasing."

"Since you asked so nicely," Richie agrees. He curls his lips around Will's stiff cock; he can take the entire length into his mouth easily and he presses his tongue against the tip. Will shudders beneath him and Richie can't help but beam with delight. He continues to tease the tip of Will's cock as he brings one finger between Will's legs. As his fingers graze Will's labia, a quiet noise catches his attention.

It's a different noise, not the same as the delightful moans. It's sad and delicate, and sure enough when Richie looks up Will looks distressed. Still aroused and still such a gorgeous pink, but the expression on his face makes Richie's heart ache. He pulls off Will's cock and kisses the swollen skin sweetly, then drags his fingers down lower.

"My baby boy." Richie says it into Will's skin, as if he could brand the words into his boyfriend's body. "My *perfect* baby boy, right?"

Rather than answering properly, Will cries out as Richie presses the pad of a finger against his hole. Richie doesn't press in, though there's lube in the bedside table if he wanted to. He just presses his fingertip against Will's asshole for the pressure. He pushes rhythmically until Will's hips are jumping under him again, and then he brings his mouth back to Will's cock. He sucks gently and in the opposite rhythm of his finger, and before long Will's fingers are

tangled in his hair.

“Daddy, Daddy, *Daddy*.” It’s a breathless litany coming from Will, soft and eager, and his whole body moves with the urgency of his pleasure. His chest is heaving as he pants and his hips roll toward Richie desperate for *more*.

Richie hums around Will’s cock, a sated and happy sound because that’s exactly how he feels, and Will wails. He tenses up aside from the grind of his hips against Richie’s face and finger. With each pulse of his orgasm, Will cries out. He starts off loud enough to rattle the walls and slowly trails off to tiny whimpers.

He pushes at Richie’s head gently, with a quiet “*Daddy, please*,” again, and Richie doesn’t pretend to misunderstand. No matter how fun it is to wring several orgasms from his baby boy, he thinks.

Richie crawls back up Will’s body and kisses him. Will is pliant and languid underneath him and chases the taste of himself on Richie’s tongue.

“Mm.” Will sighs as the kiss breaks.

“You’re so good, baby.” Richie peppers kisses all over Will’s face and relishes the laughter he earns in return. “So good for Daddy, huh?”

Will nods and even though he looks sleepy again, his gaze flicks down to Richie’s dick. Will starts to reach for him then pauses to look back up at Richie.

“Go ahead, baby,” Richie tells him. His voice is strained, and he can’t stop the groan as Will’s fingers curl around him. Still fitted between Will’s thighs, all Richie can feel is the heat of his boyfriend. It’s *perfect*. He tells Will as much and gets a coy uptick of lips in response. “God, you’re beautiful.”

Will flushes red again but doesn’t shy away from his words. His hand moves faster and a little tighter and Richie moans again.

“Just like that, that’s it.” He pushes into Will’s grip. The added friction sends a shiver down Richie’s spine, and he tilts his head back as he loses himself in the sensation.

“Will you come, Daddy?” Will asks, his voice quiet and alluring.

Richie wants to keep his eyes open, wants to look at the fucking masterpiece that is his baby boy, but he can't. He tips over the edge too quick and as he comes his eyes slam shut and his mouth falls open in desperate, choked off grunts. The rhythm of his hips goes awry but Will's hand is never less than steady around him, stroking him until it's too much.

When Richie looks down again, he delights in the sight of his come splattered across Will's hand and stomach. He nods approvingly, and Will rolls his eyes.

“What, baby?” Richie taunts as he falls forward, their stomachs hitting with a wet slap. “Like that doesn't turn you on?” He wriggles around, undoubtedly smearing his spunk between them, and Will half-laugh half-shouts in disgust. Richie keeps it up until Will starts to pout, then he relents. “Alright, alright. Time for a bath?” He sits back enough to curl his arms under Will's back and haul him into his lap.

Obediently, Will's arms curl around Richie's shoulders, and his legs around Richie's hips. “Yes, please.” He replies. Smoothly, with a grace Richie knows only by sheer virtue of practice, Richie moves off the bed and toward the hallway with Will securely wrapped around him. It's muscle memory to find the bathroom door down the hall, and to bump the door open with a well-placed turn of his hip. It's easy to shift Will's weight in his arms to get the bath running and dump a small amount of bubble bath in with the hot water. All the while, he never lets Will drop.

“Ready, baby?” Richie asks as he steps into the tub.

Will nods and unwinds his legs from Richie's waist. He hisses a bit when his feet hit the hot water, but he sinks into it without hesitation. Then end up like they always do: Richie pressed against one end of the tub and Will's back against his chest. They soak for a while in silence. Richie idly wonders if there's anything better than this. Anything better than waking up to a gorgeous boy in your bed, getting to take care of that gorgeous boy as much as you like—Richie thinks, *probably not*.

“Daddy?” Will voice tugs him from his thoughts. “What’re we doing today?”

Richie tights his arms around Will’s waist. “The Bee-Gees wanted to meet at the arcade and then catch a movie, baby.” Will laughs at the nickname, like he always does: it’s just easier, and far more fun, than saying *Bill, Bev, and Ben*. “Is that okay?” Richie asks after a moment. Sometimes on days like this, Will would rather stay in and be pampered at home. Richie likes those days, likes being able to fawn over his baby boy without the prying eyes of other people, even their friends. But some days...

Will shakes his head. “Nah,” he replies as he practically melts into Richie’s embrace. “I’ll be okay.” Will strains his neck to look up at Richie. “Will you?” He asks.

“Of course.” Richie replies easily. “Whatever you want.” He says it softly, but seriously. “Do we want to set limits today, or feel it out as we go?”

Will hums in the back of his throat as he thinks it over. While he ponders, Richie reaches for a washcloth on the edge of the tub and pulls it under the water. He scrubs Will’s stomach clean, and wipes down his hand and wrist for good measure. Will sits up, still silent, and Richie rubs his hands over Will’s back in a half-assed massage.

“I don’t know.” Will says finally. His voice has less of the sugary-sweet lilt to it. Richie sits up a little straighter. “I just... I don’t want to stay inside today.”

Richie nods. “I know.” He combs wet fingers through Will’s hair, makes it stick up at odd angles. “I can still call you baby. You know the others won’t mind.”

“Yeah.” Will concedes. “Let’s figure it out as we go.” He looks over his shoulder at Richie for confirmation.

Richie nods again. “Safeword?”

“Color system.” Will replies. Just like that, it’s settled. They sink back into their roles as easily as they sink back into the bath for a while

longer. Richie feels a little bad when Will falls asleep there, knowing he'll have to wake him up and he won't be terribly happy about it—but Richie can't resist the little snores and lax expression on Will's face.

(Sure enough, when Richie gently jostles Will awake, he gets a pout for his troubles; one that even a dozen or so kisses won't get rid of.)

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Richie has his hand in Will's back pocket as they approach the theater-slash-arcade. Bill, Bev, and Ben are already waiting at the doors and wave them over. Richie waves back, though he and Will make no move to increase their pace.

"Hey guys." Beverly greets, grinning bright.

"What's up, sunshine?" Richie fires back. He shoots her a wink for good measure, and gets the usual eyeroll in return. "What's on the agenda today?" He says as they walk into the arcade; Bev leads the way, Richie and Will slip through the door easily, and Ben and Bill get caught up together trying to walk through at the same time. Richie watches Bev look at her boyfriends for a moment before continuing through the arcade, so Richie and Will do the same.

"Street Fighter, duh." Bev says as she guides them right to the machine. She slaps the side of the old school game proudly. "Ready to get your ass kicked, trashmouth?"

Reluctantly sliding his hand from Will's back pocket, Richie steps up. "You wish, Marsh." He looks back at Will briefly, and gets a nod and a smile before he feels fine putting his focus into the game. Eventually, after he and Bev have both put some quarters in, Richie hears Ben and Bill come up behind them.

"We're guh-gonna go play skeeball," Bill says over the sounds of Beverly absolutely kicking Richie's ass. "Wanna come, Will?"

Richie—game be damned, since he's losing anyway—looks over at

Will. Will isn't looking at him, though; he's beaming at Bill instead. "Sure!" He looks over at Richie and darts forward, murmurs "*green*" against Richie's lips before kissing him. "Come find us when you're done."

"Okay, baby." Richie agrees.

Satisfied, Will follows Ben and Bill away. When Richie looks back at the game it's *over*, and Bev is grinning triumphantly.

Richie comes up behind Will and plants his hands on Will's hips, ignoring the knowing look Beverly shoots his way. "Are you winning, baby?" He asks, just loud enough that their friends can hear. It's still sultry, though, and pressed so close he can feel Will's shiver.

"It's not a competition, d—Richie." Will says. His recovery is smooth enough that Richie doesn't think anyone else caught it. But Richie did; he caught the brief second of Will's tongue hitting the just behind his front teeth, so ready to say *Daddy*. "I'm winning tickets."

"Good job, baby." Richie says it softer this time, though Bev's wide eyes tell him he wasn't quiet enough. He pulls away then with a parting pat to Will's hips, and looks over at Bev. "Another game?"

Beverly's lips are pursed, and she looks like she might say something, but then she smirks. She winks at him this time, and Richie wills away his answering blush. "I'm good, trashmouth." She says. "Let's watch these dorks for a bit, then head to the movie."

"As you wish," Richie agrees with an overdramatic bow to Beverly. She shoves him with a laugh, and Richie stumbles backwards. "You wound me!" He cries, a hand clutched to his chest. Beverly rolls her eyes again, but she's still smiling, and Richie settles beside her as Will *totally* kicks Bill and Ben's asses at skeeball—competition or not.

"Baby, you want a snack?" Richie asks, a bit absent as he stares up at the menu over concessions. Will squeezes his hand and hums. "My treat." Richie adds.

“Well, in *that* case.” Beverly says as she brushes past them. “Whip it out, Tozier, let’s see that dough you’re apparently rolling in.”

Will laughs as Richie sighs. “Hate you, Bev. Hate you so much, you know that?” Even so he follows her to the counter, and waits as everyone orders. He doesn’t hold back his sigh of relief when Bill, Bev, and Ben go for a combo to split; it’s still heinously overpriced, but it’s better than them each getting their own items or worse, their own combos. Richie orders a soda and pretzel for himself, then looks at Will.

“Baby,” he says with a gentle nudge to Will’s shoulder. “C’mon.”

Will nods. “Sorry, Daddy,” he says in a rush. Richie can’t help the way his heart pounds in alarm—and delight. Knowing full well it won’t help matters, Richie looks around wildly. The cashier seems unperturbed, Ben is too far away to have heard, and Bill and Beverly are deep in conversation and don’t seem to have noticed either. He lets out another sigh of relief, and passes his card to the cashier.

After he’s paid and as they wait for their orders, Will tugs Richie away from their friends. Not far enough to seem odd—except to Bev, who’s probably figured it out already given how she keeps glancing at them—but enough to have some semblance of a private conversation.

“I’m sorry,” Will says hurriedly. “I wasn’t thinking.”

Richie shushes him, and Will’s lips snap shut. “It’s okay, baby.” And if he puts a little extra emphasis on the nickname, it’s worth it to see the tension drain from Will’s shoulders. “No one heard. It’s okay. You can do that whenever you want, you know that.”

Will nods. “I didn’t mean to.” His voice is tiny, still ridden with a touch of embarrassment and shaken fear.

“I know,” Richie says. “It’s fine. You good?” Will nods. Richie asks, “Give me a color, baby.”

“Green.” Will says confidently. As they walk back to their group Will takes hold of Richie’s hand again. He squeezes, just once before

letting go, but it's enough.

Richie is pulled from focusing on the movie by a slight tug on his hand. Will is looking at him and for a split second the dark lighting of the theater cast an intense shadow over his features. When Richie looks closer, he can clearly see the easy and relaxed expression on his boyfriend's face.

"I'll be right back." Will says as he starts to let go of Richie's hand.

Richie nods and grins. "Be safe, baby." Even under the low lights, Richie can see Will's blush as he hurries off. Richie settles back into his seat and starts to lose himself in the movie again when another insistent tugging drags him away, this time on his right side. He turns and comes face to face with Beverly.

"You know," she says with her eyes still trained on the screen. "None of us will judge you guys." She lets go of Richie's sleeve and sits properly in her own seat—properly meaning she leans almost her entire self against Ben's side—and leaves Richie with just her words. He's still thinking about them when Will comes back, and still thinking about them when the credits start to roll.

"It was alright," Bill says as they leave. "The buh-book was better."

Ben and Beverly share a look, and Richie feels a burst of fondness in his chest.

Bill scoffs at the look. "Will, back me up here."

Will shrugs. "The movie was okay." He agrees. "What did you think," he stumbles over the words for a second, "Richie?"

Richie swallows the pulse of adrenaline threatening to overtake him. "I was bored." Which isn't strictly true, but no one calls him on it. "We grabbing lunch, or...?" He looks to Will, first.

Will nods.

"I'm game." Beverly says, a little overly loud and intentionally

dragging Bill and Ben's eyes to her. "The diner?"

"The diner," the boys say in unison.

They clamber for the corner booth, the one that's curved and can seat all five of them. Ben slides in on one side, then Bev to his left, and Bill on the outside. Richie sits at Ben's right, and Will takes up the other end. As the other three chatter idly and barely glance at their menus, Richie picks up his own and holds it so that Will can look at it with him.

"What do you want for lunch, baby?" Richie asks as he eyes a sandwich on one side of the page. Will hums and starts to bite at his lower lip. Without thinking, Richie reaches over and tugs at Will's jaw until he lets go of his bottom lip. "Uh-uh," Richie chides on instinct.

"Sorry." Is Will's immediate response, just as ingrained as the soft scolding. Richie lets go of his chin. "I think," Will draws out the word and his voice takes on the sugary-sweet tilt it had that morning. It sends a thrill through Richie to hear that voice, low and intimate, at the table. Out in *public*. "That one." Will says as he points at a picture on the menu. "Is that okay?"

Richie grins and leans over to kiss Will on the cheek. "Course, baby." He sets down the menu and slides it to the edge of the table. The rest of the menus are piled there already, and Richie looks over at his friends. "What're you guys doing after this?"

The three of them share a look and shrug together.

"Probably j-just hang out at home. Ben's got some poetry he's wuh-working on." All eyes fall to Ben after that, and Richie listens as Ben tells them about the possible chance at publishing. He's happy for his friend, though a lot of stuff Ben says goes over his head—stuff like pentameter and contracts and who Ben has talked to and what he's going to name the small collection. A waitress comes back and interrupts Ben, and after the waitress leaves a soft sound catches Richie's attention.

He looks over to see Will biting his lower lip again. Not hard, not tearing at it like Will used to do when nervous. But still worrying the skin and pushing a swollen flush into the skin. Richie reaches out again and places his thumb on Will's chin, just barely grazing the edge of his lip.

"Uh-uh," Richie says.

Will freezes and slowly lets go of his lip. "Sorry." He says again, this time with a pink flush in his cheeks. He looks past Richie to their friends, and Richie tenses. He lets his hand drop from Will's face and slowly turns to face Ben, Bev, and Bill.

They're watching but there's no judgement in their stares. Beverly looks smug, Bill looks amused, and Ben looks more surprised than anything; they all look *fond* more than anything, with wry smirks and soft eyes.

"Cute." Bev declares. Just like that, the topic shifts seamlessly into something else. Richie looks back at Will.

"Yellow," Will says shakily. "But I'm okay." He presses closer to Richie and loops an arm around Richie's elbow for something to cling to. "You?"

"If you're okay, I'm okay, baby."

Will hides his smile against the sleeve of Richie's shirt.

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The minute they step into their shared apartment Will turns to Richie and holds out his arms with a soft whimper. Richie takes a moment to twist the deadbolt, then gathers Will into his arms. With a small grunt he lifts Will, and just like that morning Will winds around him like a vine. Richie curls his hands under Will's thighs and ass to hold him steady, and speaks as he walks.

"Long day?" He asks.

Will nods and his hair tickles Richie's cheek.

"Good day?"

"Yeah." Will says, looking up with a tired grin.

Richie nods, satisfied. "What do you wanna do now, baby?" Richie carries Will into the bedroom and spares a glance at the clock on their bedside table. 3:45pm blinks back at him. "It's still pretty early." He shifts Will's weight to one side as he waits. "Baby?"

When Will looks at him, it's with a mischievous glint in his eyes, and his expression has an air of eagerness. His eyelids are still heavy, and Richie knows if he wanted, he could crawl into bed and Will would easily slip right into a nap. But the spark in Will's deep brown eyes keeps him from swaddling them both up under the covers. "Can we, Daddy?" Will asks as he presses closer to Richie.

At his hip, Richie can feel the warmth of Will's groin pressed insistently against him. "You sure, baby?"

Instead of a real answer he gets a whine and Will's wide eyes aimed at him.

Richie moves over to the bed and lays down Will first. "Whatever you want, baby." Standing at the edge of their bed, Richie starts to strip. He peels off his long-sleeved shirt, and the undershirt beneath it. He starts on his belt when he notices Will hasn't moved. "Baby?"

Will's lips twist with a hint of defiance.

"Oh," Richie drawls the word. "That's how it's gonna be, huh?" Richie makes quick work of his belt and undoes his jeans but doesn't kick them off quite yet. They hang low on his hips and fall further as he clammers onto the bed. "Gonna make Daddy do all the work, is that it?"

Will squirms under his gaze. "Maybe." He retorts, seeming shy though Richie knows it's mostly for show.

"Just had too long of a day, didn't you?" Richie sets to work on tugging up Will's shirt and tossing it aside. Before he can even try,

Will tugs off his binder and throws it across the room as well. “Oh.” Richie sucks in air sharply through his teeth. “You sure, baby?”

Will arches his back and with a groan Richie falls forward. He plants a kiss in the center of Will’s chest then turns his attention to one of his nipples. He sucks the already pebbled skin into his mouth and bites gently. Will gasps and his hands snap to Richie’s shoulders. He fidgets under the attention, and whines in loss when Richie moves his mouth.

“Shh,” Richie coos. “Just gotta get the other one, too.” True to his word he slides to Will’s other nipple and lavishes it with the same attention. This time, Will’s hands run down Richie’s back, and scratch their way back up. Richie can feel the light welts blooming under Will’s nails and shudders. “That’s it, baby.” Richie breathes against Will’s nipple, cool air ghosting over hot skin. “What do you want?”

Will lets out a huff. “What do *you* want, Daddy?”

Richie smirks and kisses his way back up to Will’s lip. “Daddy is happy with anything.” He works between their bodies to tug Will’s jeans open. It takes a little bit of tricky maneuvering to get them off without having to separate more than a few inches, but they manage. Will is stark naked underneath him, and Richie groans softly. “I could taste you again, get your pretty little cock in my mouth.”

He watches Will for a reaction, the smallest hint. Will still struggles with asking for what he wants—and in this moment, Richie knows he’s playing it up a bit, not that Richie minds—and Richie is all too happy to offer suggestions. Will wriggles a little, but his breathing doesn’t speed up or catch so Richie moves on.

“You could sit on my face,” Richie says lowly. It earns him a gasp, but nothing else. “Hmm, picky today?”

Will flushes and pouts, and Richie kisses the expression off his face. He gets distracted by licking into Will’s mouth and swallowing the needy little moans spilling out. He could do this all day, and *would* if Will let him. Will breaks the kiss and clearly struggles to pout when he just wants to laugh.

“Give me a hint, baby.” Richie says against Will’s cheek. “Do you want Daddy on his back? Want to fuck me?” He starts to roll onto his back but Will’s grip on his shoulders stops him. “Want Daddy inside you?”

Finally, Will lets out a shuddering exhale and nods.

“Baby,” Richie teases. “Why didn’t you say so?” He reaches to the bedside table and grabs the bottle of lube. He slicks up two fingers without preamble, peppering Will’s skin with kisses as he does.

As he starts to move his hand between their bodies, Will wraps his fingers around Richie’s wrist and guides him. Richie sits back a bit to watch. Given what happened earlier, Richie was ready to move lower, but Will presses Richie’s hand against his labia with a sigh.

Richie doesn’t ask if he’s sure. He just shivers and exhales quietly. “Oh, baby boy.” He looks down as Will spreads his lips for Richie, burning pink from his cheeks down to chest. “I love you so much,” Richie murmurs. “Such a good boy for Daddy, aren’t you?”

Will whines and bucks his hips in response. Richie slides one finger into Will to start. He’s already wet without the lube, already relaxed and open for Richie, and it makes his head spin.

“You’re so worked up, baby, and we barely even started?” It’s partly a question but mostly just said in wonder. Richie slides in a second finger and meets almost no resistance. It’s tight, but not overly so, and Will moans softly as Richie starts to fuck him with two fingers. “Was it my mouth on you?” Richie ducks down to suck a hickey into the middle of Will’s chest, just enough skin there to get his teeth around.

Will shakes his head, something Richie catches out of the corner of his eye.

“No?” Richie hums curiously as he curls his fingers. He searches diligently for the spot inside Will that makes his toes curl. He finds it swiftly and revels in the cry Will lets out. “Was it...” Richie regards him with a serious look, though he never once pauses his rhythm of his fingers. “Was it being out, today? Being my baby boy in front of

everyone? Letting them see how good you are?"

Will's eyes flutter shut as he nods eagerly.

"You liked that?" Richie asks, both surprised and not. "Liked letting me take care of you while people watched?" Richie tilts his hand and presses his thumb lightly against Will's cock. Will moans, and Richie isn't sure if he's still nodding or if his head is just lolling from the pleasure. "You want to do it again? Let everyone see what a good boy you are for Daddy?"

Will shudders suddenly and his legs tense on either side of Richie. His hips bounce as he rides Richie's fingers and grinds against Richie's touch on his dick. Head thrown back against the pillows, Will shouts "Daddy!"

Richie groans and fucks Will through his orgasm. When Will finally settles, Richie pulls his fingers and wraps them around his own dick instead. He jerks off in quick strokes, tight and wet.

"Daddy?" Will's quiet voice breaks through the haze of arousal. "You can," Will gulps noisily. "You can fuck me. You said you would."

Richie immediately shifts his grip to the base of his dick to stem his fast-approaching orgasm. "Fuck. *Shit.*" He shudders as he keeps himself from coming.

Will grins and his teeth are just barely visible between the kiss-bitten pink of his lips. "C'mon." He throws out an arm to fish a condom from the bedside table and starts to pass it over to Richie. He pauses after a second, and Richie watches him intently. "Can I?" He asks, already tearing the condom open. He stops again but he's clearly ready to roll the latex over Richie's dick.

"Fuck yes, baby. Go ahead." Richie holds himself still, barely resisting the urge to buck into Will's hand as the condom slides over him. Richie drops his own hand from his dick and takes Will by the hip instead. "You ready?" He asks even as Will spreads his legs and guides Richie into him.

"C'mon, Daddy," Will goads. He shudders as Richie's prick grazes his

entrance; with a leg hooked around Richie's hip he tugs Richie forward, into him. Will sighs as Richie sinks in and slowly his fingers uncurl.

Richie paces himself and moves carefully, until he's as far in as he can be. He braces one elbow against the bed and his grip on Will's hip turns bruising. He thrusts leisurely and Will rocks with him for a little while; before too long, Will's heels dig into the small of Richie's back and urge him on.

"C'mon, Daddy." Will says again. "*Fuck* me." His voice is still overly sweet and cloying and Richie drops his head against Will's neck. "Please."

Like a dam breaking, Richie's hips snap forward and Will's taunting melts into a wanton cry. Richie fucks Will in earnest and chases the tendrils of pleasure that faded slightly. Will is wet and open around him and he takes Richie's cock perfectly; they fit together seamlessly, over and over.

Richie's attention is caught when Will drops a hand between their bodies. He knows without looking that Will is working his own dick, pushing himself toward another orgasm. The thought makes Richie lightheaded and he leans forward to speak directly against Will's ear.

"That's it, baby." He encourages. "Touch yourself for Daddy. You gonna come again, for me? Come with Daddy's cock in you?" He's relentless, the words falling from his lips like a leaky faucet. He gets a thrill out of saying them and knowing they make Will writhe and whine for him. "Do it, baby. Come for me, be a good boy."

Will does, beautifully so. He's strung taught and oversensitive from his first time, and his fingers move rapidly over his little cock. He comes with another shout, wordless but loud, and he tightens around Richie's dick enough to push him closer to the edge. Will melts against the bed but still rolls his hips. Just like Richie murmured against his ear, Will leans up to do the same.

"Come on, Daddy. Wasn't I good?" Will bites his lip and stares up at Richie from under his eyelashes.

“Fuck.” Richie grinds into Will at the same moment he kisses him, bites Will’s lower lip himself and sucks on the tender skin. Will sighs into the kiss and moves with Richie’s erratic thrusts. Richie comes suddenly and his hips jerk and stutter in their rhythm. “Baby,” Richie hisses as he starts to come down, unable to help himself from thrusting. He chases the sensation until he’s got nothing left and finally stops pressed as deep as he can go inside Will.

He lays on top of Will carefully and doesn’t bother to pull out. Cupping Will’s cheek with one hand he kisses him again. “So good, baby. Always so good for me, huh?”

Will preens under the praise again, and nods. “Always,” he agrees. He wriggles, then pouts at Richie.

“Sorry, sorry, I’m going, baby, I’m going.” He pulls from Will and carefully takes off the condom. He ties the end and tosses it in the vague direction of their trash bin before settling beside Will again. He holds out an arm, and Will slides under and practically burrows against Richie’s chest. “Color?” Richie asks once they’re settled.

“Green.” Will says around a yawn. “Dinner?”

“You wanna nap first?”

Will shrugs. “If I nap, I won’t sleep.” He points out, and despite the frank logic of his words Richie can’t help but relish his tone—his *baby* voice.

Richie nods and kisses the crown of Will’s head. “That’s true. Why don’t we get cleaned up, then Daddy will make dinner, okay?” He shoves at his jeans, now barely hanging around his thighs, until they topple over the end of the bed.

Will stretches in Richie’s arms. “Okay,” he agrees. He leans up to kiss Richie before rolling out of bed. He waits for Richie to clamber off the bed, far less graceful, then leads the way to the bathroom again. Similar to that morning, Richie gets the water to the right temperature and grabs them towels. Instead of a bath, this time they step under the spray of the shower together.

Richie rinses quickly; the longest part for him is his hair but Will diligently helps shampoo out the tangles in the curls. Will takes a little longer in showers, always has. He's meticulous and thorough, not to mention he just thoroughly enjoys the water pressure in their apartment. Richie kisses his shoulder as he watches Will scrub the loofah over his body, across his stomach and between his thighs.

"Daddy's gonna go start dinner, okay?"

Will nods and leans back for another kiss before letting Richie leave the shower.

Richie slips out and slings a towel around his waist. As he walks to the kitchen he tousles a second one through his hair until he's no longer dripping wet. He leaves that towel over the back of a dining room chair before starting to rummage around their little pantry. He's just decided on pulling a frozen pizza from the freezer when soft, smacking-damp footfalls draw his attention.

"Hey, baby." Richie says over his shoulder as he sets the temperature on the oven. He startles a bit when arms wrap around his waist and Will's forehead presses against the nape of Richie's neck. "You good?"

"Thank you." Will says. The sugary-sweetness is gone from his voice, and Richie turns in his embrace. "For today." Will's eyes shine differently than this morning; he looks tired but pleased and speaks with a clear voice. Richie's brief bout of tension fades as quickly as it came. He relaxes in Will's arms and curls his hands over Will's shoulders.

For now, Will is just Will and Richie is just Richie. They're pressed close together, wet bodies sticking against each other, as the oven preheats. Easy as they started the day, they slip into their regular selves seamlessly. Richie kisses Will's forehead before replying.

"Of course, Will."

Author's Note:

disclaimer/explanation: will is trans. his trans experience is written based off my own and based off

those of other trans ppl i know. i wrote this fic with the fact that he hasn't had top or bottom surgery done yet, but he is on T. his cock is small bc he's still technically in the process of transitioning.